Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poine ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Fal. ſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtaffe ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were not for laughing I ſhould pitie him.

Poines How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you Vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named Uncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo: ſay you ſo. I ſay vn to you a gaine you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friende true & cõſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiõ: an excellẽt plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene rall courſe of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this raſcal, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſom of them ſet forward already? what a pagan raſkall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſinceritie of feare and cold heart, wil he to the King, and lay open al our proceedinges. O, I could diuide my

my ſelfe, & go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim milke with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres?

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomack, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee
To thick eyd muſing, and curſt melãcholly?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding ſteed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies, and retires, trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiers ſlaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath bin ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat hath ſtood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue apeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

Hot what ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriffe?
Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.
Hot. What horſe? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?
Ser. It is my Lord.